#### A Bavarian Shrine.

It certainly was a strange place to choose! But it was all Tom's doing. Indeed, choose! But it was all Tom's doing. Indeed, the first drops pelt on the roof above our I felt so strangely out of place that to this heads. There was room within this shrine day I am not sure that my lips formed an but for one person-in tolerable discomaudible "yes"-though Tom insists that it fort-but I managed superfluous armwas sufficiently plain to answer every pur- proved a haven of bliss for twopose. I was held just in position to see, by the light from a small window, the reconfinement, evicted upon me-as though I could help it-while the lightning flashed angrily, and the thunder roared disapproval, and the rain poured vials of wrath just above our heads upon our whilom shelter. "Ah! then it is less outrageous!" Ah, it was all quite uncanny.

There was scarcely room to turn around in this tiniest of chapels, a wayside shrine far up on a Bavarian mountain, where we had taken refuge from the storm, and before whose altar-at a most inapropos mo- to carry Hansel away!" ment-Tom had seen fit that we plight our | The first voice was a shrill soprano, the

We were stopping for a few days in the village below, glad to find a quiet, restful | take "dorf" midst picturesque surroundings, in which to recuperate after a month of in-meekly following. The howling Hansel. cessant travel on the continent, and on this sprawled flat on the floor, gave a shrick and memorable afternoon we-that is, Tom's selves-had started out to find a lakelet a moment later forgot to cry. said to be in snug hiding up the mountain. and well worthy of ferreting out.

The two staid, elderly ladies, as we after- looking at the watch which had been ofwards learned, went straight to their goal | fered as bait. Tom, however undertook to guide me by a short-cut of which he had been told; and he | tidying the disorderly room confessed later to our exultant relatives, though with a twinkle in his eyes, that he had made a sad mess of it-at least, so far as playing mountain guide was concerned. Well, when at last I was permitted to ook around me, one object among many

from human habitation. Tom was highly amused at the "rubbish" the place contained, even jotting down in his note-book the principal things, "in memory of an auspicious occasion," as he said: Two hanging baskets of artificial flowers.

Sixteen bouquets ditto, in cheapest of Four bunches of natural flowers-three Kate? What think you of your crank?"

As this brisk English received no reply,

Two wreaths, artificial. Thirty-four pictures of gaints-cheap col-Five carved images.

One large crucifix, carved-not badly. One large arch over altar, artificial green eaves studded with white roses.

One lamp, not burning. Of waxen limbs, hands, feet and heartsvotive offerings all-the number legion. But still the fresh flowers only drew my They have been placed here to-day,

and I took them up to smell them. "And look! Here is a slip of paper at-tached!" With difficulty we deciphered the few words, badly written as they were tiges Vaterunser." And this was added to the list in Tom's note-book, and also our rendering of the same into English: "One "You will see, Tom." I had unwittingly who has been long years an invalid begs said shortly before our arrival. "Poor and for a plous paternoster." As he wrote I whispered, "Tom, don't you feel like granting his, the poor sufferer's, request?" "No." was the short reply, without looking up from his note-book, and so loud it made me start. It was all so queer, so grew-some, that I could not have raised my voice had I tried.

"Oh, Tom, don't you believe in prayer?"
"Yes," came the response, equally curt.
Then presently he added, looking up with a quizzical expression, "at proper time and place—not in this heathenish hole. Besides, I haven't any beads to count off paternosters to order-and your Krankeryour Crank!-would not thank me for less han a dozen, with a lot of Ave Marias.

Peeping from the door, Tom announced that the storm was ended and proposed that we descend to the village. "We'll go and hunt up your crank, Kate, if you like, and serve him a good turn if we can, some-thing more substantial than he asks-and call it a votive offering, shall we?"

"For what, Tom?" "For our escape from the kindest of

Not till a silent prayer had gone up from my heart, however, did I quit the tiny chapel, which henceforth was to hold a sacred place in my memory, and others besides the Kranker were remembered in the short but fervent invocation. We picked our steps through muddy vil-

age roads till it was too dark to distinguish pools from terra firma, and by way of invalids had discovered only a few rheumatic octogenarians, not one of whom proved the object of our search. I was disappointed, but Tom, reassuring as was his wont, said cheerfully: "To-morrow, Kate, we will find your crank—if it takes the whole day." Then as we returned to our lodgings at the village, "Gasthaus." he exacted a promise that I would leave it to him to tell of our engagement New. Tom, being nothing if not frank, expected the news would be shouted out at first sight of our relatives. But for once he mouthed a delicious morsel and kept me on pins and needles all supper time

We were seated at a small table, in the furthest corner of the "stube," preferring to eat in this quaint, low, "general dining and living room," with a chance to study peasant life. Tom being an artist and his mother a writer, we had left behind us that touristic stage-by some never passed -in which the main desire "abroad" is to search for "home comforts" and "home fare" at any price. We had made the happy discovery that some dishes and some ares thoroughly un-American were quite enjoyable, and on the evening in question were relishing veal cutlets, with black-bread, cheese and beer, in spite of peasants being, appeared absorbed in Tom's graphic recital of our afternoon's adven-tures. It seemed, indeed, scarce possible that they did not understand English, such close attention did they give his narrative.

Tom's mother commenced it. "You poor things! What a pity you did not follow our lead!" And she gave a rapturous account of their simple adventures. and a glowing description of the lake. "The lake will keep! I reckon the rain hasn't hurt it," laughed Tom.
"But where could you find shelter?" Thereupon he launched forth into a full and graphic recital of our adventures. "You saw the pathlet said to lead directly to you witching lakelet? Well, 'tis a path which hath many a twist and turn, and, moreover, is so narrow that—the precipice being conveniently at hand—I was forced to take Kate under my wing, so to speak, not proposing to travel alone into the

Here aunt looked up with a startled ex-pression-for it had hitherto been "Miss Kate" - and Tom's mother exclaimed reprovingly, "My dear!" We had gone on in safety some fifteen minutes when at a bend in the mountain's with a mighty host—" Here an effective pause gave the ladles time to gasp: "What?" "Of what, Tom? Don't keep us

"Of sheep, of goats—an army."
"Oh, dear, what did you do?"
"What did we do? Listen! Precipice to right of us; rocky steep to left of us; enemy, in wool armor and with battering rams, in front of us; we—think you we played the heroic, the gallant Six Hun-dred? Nay, more sense had we! Our at-Nay, more sense had we! Our attempt to flatten ourselves into a semblance natural rock ornamentation having failed-no pulling the wool over their eyes! -we turned right about and led the baaing, bleating procession down, down into the valley of life. Be it whispered low if I confess that never before had I felt quite so sheepish. Kate, however, supplied the heroic element—not once did she flinch, as we descended that dangerous defile,

from my protecting arm!" Aunt frowned, being a maiden lady discreet, but Tom's mother laughed and it appeared that I was not the only one who had taken note of the twinkle in his blue eyes, for she remarked: "I declare, Tom, you have the brightest-the handsomest eyes in the world-when you are up to mis-

one pair-of loveliest dark ones." And the saucy boy looked straight at me. while I -well, my cutlet needed close attention, and I did not dare look to see what effect the remark had had on Aunt. Tom continued: "As soon as we had reached a fairly level spot we shepherds stepped aside and allowed our flock to fly by-we taking count. One hundred and sfxty. that was all, with many a black sheep among urned our attention to the study of cloud fects. Magnificent piece of rock upheaval,

or the nearest tree, and we, taking warning, made a silimlar line for the nearest shelter, which we reached in time to hear What!" gasped Aunt.

menced Tom's mother. "Why, we are! That's what I've been use heads this half hour. 'Bless you!" exclaimed Tom's mother, fairly beaming with pleasure, while as for aunt, she breathed a sigh of relief, her facial muscles relaxed, and she murmured, "What?" inquired Tom gravely. And taking him all in seriousness, she replied, "Why, your conduct! What else?"

"If you two are not engaged--" com-

"Hansel, stop howling! Be good, or I will shut you up in the dark hole alone.' "Ach, listen! There comes the black man second an irritated basso.
"Oh, don't go in there, Tom-It is surely a den of ruffians. There must be some mis-

"You're a crank, Kate!" and with a laugh Tom entered the open door, I, of course, hid his face, but it appeared he had caught mother and my aunt, in addition to our- at once began peeping at the intruders and "Come here to the black man," said Tom pleasantly, and the child jumped up and presently was seated on the ogre's knee.

'You see, good sir, Hansel is that bad we have to frighten him into minding," commenced the woman apologetically, as, hav-ing supplied us with chairs and wiped off the child's tear-stained face, she set about man will not have power to scare fransel more. We must contrive something new." "But what crime had the youngster committed?" asked Tom of the man, who lav stretched on a rude lounge, with tools and bits of wood on a low table near at hand. "Bad enough. Look once here-the work caught and held my eye-a bunch of fresh of two days all for naught." And he held

lowers upon that little altar so far removed up the fragments of a small carved wood "And because he got whacked he must needs howl like a wild beast for a whole blessed hour," put in the woman. "Did he break it on purpose?" I ventured to ask at this point. "Well, no," and the man hesitated. appose he is hardly that far gone yet. But he will arrive there quick enough-if he is not taught better.'

"Capital way to teach and train, eh, Tom turned his attention to the man, questioning him as to his allments. It was the village doctor who had informed us that we would probably find the object of our search in a certain forlorn house at the further end of the village. En formed over night, and he evidently took it for granted that I would second his

First of all a certain sum was laid aside to provide a diamond ring on the first opportunity. Another sum was put by for home travel in October after wedding," which must take place in Munich not later than September, he having pressing engagements which would require his presence in New York soon thereafter. In addition to these startling announcements, with a pencil but we finally made out "Ein he had found time to quiz me about my langiahrig Kranker bittet um ein andach- crank, and had drawn from me the ideal picture of pious patience with whom my

> suffering, but with a refined expressionsuch as patient endurance is sure to stamp on the commonest face. Then the poor home, neat and cheerful with windowplants." Hearing a skeptical chuckle, I went on with spirit, "Why, there's hardly a house in the village without! And have you forgotten the flowers at the shrine?"
> So now between his remarks to the man Tom sandwiched English asides to me such as, "Where are your flowers, Kate?" "I saw some in the garden. Tom."
> "Oh! a bush or two of dahlias! And did

> vou ever see a more brutish face?" "Oh, Tom-does it not tell of suffering? Poor man, he has had more than he could hear patiently." And I tried to discover some redeeming feature in that heavy, un-attractive face upon which despair, not age, had planted many a line. However, Tom, if a tease, was not hard-hearted, and he soon became seriously interested in the uncouth "Kranker." was a large man of some twenty-eight or

thirty years, not as yet etherealized by "long years" of suffering, There was nothing spiritual in his coun enance, truly, and yet when he understood that it was his scrawl which had brought us there an expression of hopefulness appeared, softening the hard lines as by "I am no hand at impromptu aves and paters," began Tom, "but if human skillwhich after all is of divine origin-can cure

that leg of yours, we will soon have you "God Almighty bless you, kind sir!" ex-claimed the man fervently, for there was something so inspiring in Tom's manner. as well as in his words, that there seemed to rest no doubt in the cripple's mind as to the possibility of the promise being ful-

"We will interview the doctor, and you shall hear from us to-morrow," were Tom's parting words of cheer, and a few moments later we stood a second time on the doorstep of the village worthy. "Oh, an injury to his knee in his boy hood!" said he when questioned. "I hav worked over the fellow hard enough-have cut and scraped, removed pieces of bonebetter for a time, then worse-laid flat for weeks. And now? Well, I expect my job will come to an end within the next year." The tone was hard; the man appeared so phlegmatic, so indifferent, it fairly made me shudder. "What, then, is the poor fellow's pros

pect for this his last year of suffering? "Cannot say positively, but there is probability of cancer. And then God have pity There is but one way of saving him-that Tom. too, was all attention. sary surgical aid in this out-of-the-way

place-what chance of Dickel's rallying? He would need care, nourishment, such as he has never known. "But if we took him to the hospital-to "Truly, good sir, that were a deed of genuine charity such as one seldom sees." And the doctor lifted his hat respectfully, as though a personal favor were proposed. began to like the man. Then he went on "As far as the operation is concerned, the hospital would give that. But the journey—a man to help Dickel, for there are many

changes, you know-would cost you consid-"How much?" "I should say between thirty and forty marks." "We will risk it." cried Tom. "With return journey call it eighty." Then turning to me, he said, in melodramatic tone, "A cured crank for twenty dollars! None too costly a memorial methinks." Suddenly his face elongated and he addressed the "How about a leg? Will the hospital undertake to replace the one they de prive him of with something more useful?"

The doctor shook his head gravely. "Too much to expect-a four-hundred-mark rubber leg. They might possibly pay for a peg, of wood-nothing more."
"Four hundred marks! Can't go it, Kate!" said Tom, ruefully, as we started for home. "Tom, dear-my ring!" I whispered, "I don't care for diamonds-I really do not."

"I mean it, Tom. Truly, after hearing all this I never could wear it in peace; it would make me unhappy. Why, I should have visions of that poor Dickel stumping around on an uncomfortable wooden pegand why? Simply because I wore the price of a rubber leg upon my third finger!" Tom laughed heartily, but would not give in, so I changed my tactics. "Very well, then, we will put off our wedding till we are all back in America. "What good would that do, pray?" "Why, aunt will pay my way over, and

on will save-"The price of a leg! Ha, ha, you witch Not in such manner if I know myself "Well, then, if you don't want the mos miserable, superstitious of wives, do as I now bid you. Indeed, Tom, I should expect nothing but ill luck with your diamond on my finger-I should leave it off on every possible occasion! Do what I ask now, please promise me that you will?"

"What, love?" and he spoke so gently that I felt sure my pleading would win. "You remember that old silver ring 1 showed you-an engagement ring, too! which a queer old peasand frau sold me so willingly for a couple of guldens. I see her now, scrawny old hag, waving the paper bills exultantly in the air and saying: 'Ach. Fraulein, you have the old ring, but —I have the money.' Poor old soul—the romance had been ground out of her—it was there once, be sure, for are there not two intertwined hearts engraved on her ring of betrothal? Now, Tom, stop laugh- like that in which a farm hand had re-

wing one short while, then, like a huge in earnest. Have your way-you always flock of snowy-white birds, made straight will-with your most humble servant." will wear the silver ring, for my sake?" "With pleasure-if you are sure you can trust me, Miss Superstition!"

"What do you mean?" "Why, not to part with it as easily as its former owner did, and its present one seems anxious to do." "Don't be a goose, Tom."

The Herr Doktor proved a most efficient right-hand man in arranging preliminaries, writing to the hospital officials, finding a suitable man to assist in transporting Dickel, and aiding us in every way possible up to the moment of our departure; indeed, he showed such genuine satisfac-tion in Dickel's good fortune that I ac-knowledged to Tom I had misjudged him. And now, as spectators are not admitted to the hospital, and as our services are not required, we will pass over some monthsmuch of which time I had spent, aunt's pursestrings being slack, in visiting the unpretentious but fairly satisfactory shops of Munich, known also as the "Isar-Athen." On a certain chill, foggy October day We, Tom and I, with his mother and my aunt, one either side, were standing before the altar of the English church in Munich-or

rather in the dark and dingy hall, poor apology for a church! We had been pronounced "man and wife, and were receiving the congratulations of the English clergyman, when there was a slight commotion at the entrance: the sexton's voice in subdued remonstrance, followed by an approaching tread—a pecuhar sound, unfamiliar, unlike anything "You crank!" whispered Tom, and as we

turned, sure enough, there he stood, ready to wish us "Gluck auf" so soon as we should be freed from the embraces of our "May heaven on earth be your reward gnadiger Herr, gnadigre Frau, for all you have done for Dickel!—the useless, lame Dickel! And may your every prayer, in the future as in the past, when using this, be speedily granted! So saying, he took Tom's hand, then mine, and dexterously flung a light chain over both. It was a carved

rosary, from which hung a crucifix some

inches long and most exquisitely

It was Dickel's own handiwork, the labor of many tollsome days during his con-"You know I am not superstitious, Tom," said when we had admired our gift and had thanked the donor warmly. "But-I believe this to be a really good omen. We will keep it sacred as a sort of talisman,

With a nod he replied, "As you will, Kate, so long as you excuse me from saying Aves and Paternosters." Meanwhile Dickel had been fumbling in his pockets, and he now drew forth a diminutive parcel. Removing the wrapper, he disclosed to view a tiny waxen leg. "This," he said solemnly, "I will myself carry—ach, what a blessed wonder!—to that far up the steep, and I will hang it trembled, "I will say an andachtiges Vaterunser for my kindest of friends. And may God Almighty above bless you both!

Adleu! Gluck! auf! -Margaret Blagrove Rudd, in New York

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Just the Thing. "I tell you what I need, Robbins. I need to go out and rub up against the world." "Let me sell you my bicycle?"

Not a Mere Pedestrian. Cleveland Plain Dealer. The New Pastor-I beg pardon, but in what walk of life are you engaged? The Brand-None, sir. I am a sprinter!

Comment. She-It is not a love match. Both are wealthy, and their families have arranged He-I see. A golden wedding fifty years

#### ahead of time. Tired of Everything.

"Have a few more berries, Mr. Canesucker," said a Dallas lady to a blasse "What's the use? One tastes just like the other, doncher know.'

A Haunting Shadow. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "The fish man's downstairs, mum." said Bridget to Mrs. Snaggs. "He wants 75 cents for the shad you bought yesterday."
"O, dear!" replied Mrs. Snaggs, "does that

#### shad owe haunt me still?" Rhetorical Only.

Philadelphia North American. Ridspin-What did you mean, sir, by saying in your graduating essay that the moneyed interests were running this country, or high-flown words to that effect? His Son-Well, you see, dad, the sentence sounded so well after I had written it that I hated to scatch it out.

### First Messenger Boy-De manager said this mornin' if us fellers couldn't get a

move on he'd get people what could. Second Messenger Boy-Who do you pose he's goin' to get? First Messenger Boy-He says he kin ge ome veterans of de Spanish army. Willing to Please.

A Threatened Revolution.

#### New York Weekly.

New Boarder (gazing suspiciously on a leatherly piece of beefsteak)-My teeth are very poor, Mrs. Slimdlet, and if you have anything a little more tender that this-Mrs. Slimdiet-Certainly, certainly, Jane! This gentleman does not eat steak. Always bring him liver.

#### True Worth Recognized.

Mrs. Cohenstein-I see by der baper, Isaac, dot der beach grop in Delaware vos vailure again this year. Mr. Cohenstein (excitedly)-So hellup me Cracious! Repecca, ve must send our leedle Ikey down dere to learn der peezness. Dose beoples in Delaware have a regular che-

#### The Same Stick.

New York Weekly. ' Lady Finehealth (at hotel entrance)-No I have no money to spare for you. I don't see why an able-bodied man like you should go around begging. Lazy Tramp-I s'pose mum, it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keep-

#### A Tired Skeleton.

New York Weekly. Living Skeleton (only one in America, at dime museam). These folks make me tired Sympathetic visitor-In what way? "Here I am earning \$500 a week as the reatest living skeleton, yet hour after hour, day in an' day out, one old woman after another stops an' chins and chins at me about the things I ought to eat to get

#### Latter-Day Shopping.

New York Weekly. First Lady (in front of a big dry goods Wednesday afternoon)-Why, my dear, this isn't the theater. Second Lady-I know it. I need a spool of thread and I will just run in here and buy it. Then we can go on to the theater and drop in again after the play is over. They will probably have the spool wrapped

#### up and the change ready by that time. The St. Louis Water.

Boston Transcript. More than any other American city St. Nor is it the uninviting town that a first impression of its muddy water, its dense soft-coal atmosphere and its maze of wires and intolerable noise gives the visitor. Our geographies used to tell us that the Missourl river was so named because those sounds meant in Indian jargon, "dark and muddy river." I had not thought of this information acquired in youth till I saw the contents of a wash pitcher here. Louis bathtub looks like a plowed field during a heavy rainstorm. The city's water supply comes from a point in the Mississippi known as the Chain of Rocks. just below the confluence of the Missouri and so it is essentially Nebraska fields that people here wash in, rather than the sacred people here wash in, rather than the sacred at the same time pursuing the straight soil of Ilimois and Wisconsin. The water and narrow path which leads to safety supply plant contains six great settling basins, each 670 feet by 400 feet, and about eleven feet deep. Five basins are always in service, and the sixth being cleaned. Each pounds of mud out of every one thousand pounds of liquid. Last year 356,000 cubic yards of dense mud was removed from householders do not get; but a glance at that 'Karwendel' peak. But—would you believe it?—it's rich, dark-gray had changed
to the palest of washouts. The massy
clouds which had piled up back of it had
stolen all its color, and, strange enough,
brushes. But. alas, we were suddenly sumbrushes. But. alas, we were suddenly sum
Then, looking straight at me, he said: "I effect. How I wished I had brought my brushes. But alas, we were suddenly summoned to earth again by the flight of Frau Steinberger's wash—our best linen included, loveliest eyes in the world—when you are souri's shipments of loam.

"Which I surely will do. Kate, as they are nearly lost to view by the vine leaves!" ages at work in making and without which our broad acres would be so sterile. An declare, Kate, 'tis true that you have the loveliest eyes in the world—when you are souri's shipments of loam.

#### OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. The Rose and the Thorn.

I seek my garden for the Rose That blossomed in the blushing morn; But lo! the twilight gleams disclose A bud of all its petals shorn, And 'neath it frowns the naked Thorn. -George Harrison Conrard.

A Woman's Way. This can be said of a woman's way, And indeed in truth may be not denied. She loves him best whom she least can

For be you humble, she cries you nay-The key to her heart is a careless pride, This can be said of a woman's way. Plead with her, fool, till your locks are Follow and close by her steps abide— She loves him best whom she least can

The wise man says: "I will love her, yea; But I keep my strength if she stands de-This can be said of a woman's way. Many a swain will her smile obey,

But others this precept their path she She loves him best whom she least can And he who yields and comes to pray Far better indeed at her feet had died-

This can be said of a woman's way.

And I, in a smiling mood I say, What fate in the old days prophesied: This can be said of a woman's way, She loves him best whom she least can

-Ernest McGaffey. Lubeck. One of his patrons has a set

Three Merry Men. Three men rode out to the wide, wide (Sing ho, sing hey, for the merry, merry And the first joined the war, where the

And the second had a post in the court of a King; (Sing ho, sing hey, for the bribe and its But he crowed too high for the throne he tried to sing;
(Sing, hey, sing ho, where the gallows-winds blow!)

banner was furled; (Sing hey, sing ho, where the skulls lie

And the third, he married a fine bonny (Sing ho, sing hey, for the merry marriage day!) But she spent his money, and led him such (Sing hey, sing ho, to the funeral go!) Such were the ways of these three merry Some trifling pleasure a hope and then-(Sing hey, sing ho, for the grave

#### -Temple Bar.

Judge Not. Judge not: the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from some well-won field Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight, May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal flery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise— May be the angel's slackened hand Has suffered it, that he may use And take a firmer, surer stand; Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see, With hopeful pity, not disdain; The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain And love and glory that may raise This soul to God in after day.

-Adelaide Anne Proctor. Courage. Hast thou made shipwreck of thy happi-

Yet, if God please, Thoul't find thee some small haven none In nearer seas, Where thou mayst sleep for utter wearl-

never reach. Though gold its gate. And wide and fair the silver of its beach; For sorrow waits To pilot all whose aims too far outreach

Toward darker straits. Yet that no soul divine thou art astray, On this cliff's crown Plant thou a victor flag ere breaks the day Across night's brown; And none shall guess it doth but point the

Where a bark went down. -Grace Denio Litchfield.

Nancy Hanks. When womanhood upon this woful earth Bears all its shame, its poverty, its pain, And, meekly ignorant, dares not complain But toils in silence from a lowly birth To a forgotten grave-brave in life's dearth Of love and joy, and counting still for gain All tears love gives, though they be given in vain, It has in such estate heaven's highest

worth. From such a soul of speechless motherhood Were Lincoln's patience and his sadness And when he sealed his life-work with his She who had lived and died, despised, for-Bearing men's taunts, or foolish, silent A radiant spirit at his bedside, waiting,

#### -William Vincent Byars. Yellow Roses.

If earthly buds in heavenly fields may blow. Then somewhere, bordering the shining Pale yellow roses shed their petals sweet, Gold upon gold, as softly as the snow Drops its white petals on our earth below. Since beauty worthy heaven blooms at

our feet.
The old familiar flowers may fitly greet The angels of our dead that come and go, And whisper, "Tarry thou! Hast thou for-The brown mold rent to let the stalk arise Or how the blossoms filled with mellow

The universe is God's; what narrow spot So small no root of beauty in it lies-Expression of His nature and His might. -Curtis May.

Evensong. The embers of the day are red Beyond the murky hill; The kitchen smokes: the bed In the darkling house is spread: The great sky darkens overhead And the great woods are shrill.

So far have I been led,

Lord, by Thy will: So far have I followed, Lord, and wondered still. The breeze from the embalmed land Blows sudden towards the shore. And claps my cottage door. I hear the signal, Lord-I understand; The night at Thy command

question more. -Robert Louis Stevenson. Robert Lincoln and His Wheel.

Comes. I will eat and sleep and will no

The progress made by Robert Lincoln in the mastery of the bicycle is the absorbing topic of conversation in that exclusive resentative. Mr. Lincoln has already attained to that stage of proficiency where the rider gracefully removes his cigar with one hand and tips his cap with the other, from collisions. It has not escaped com-ment, however, that the moment Mr. Lincoin mounts his wheel to accompany a gay party on a tour of the boulevards he develops a most extraordinary profligacy and carelessness of wealth. At every corner he insists upon stopping to treat the company to lemonade and ginger snaps, to insist that his companions shall have their pictures taken at his expense or to demand to view the magnificent scenery which is the inspiration of Chicago life. In order to defend Mr. Lincoln against the implied charge of criminal recklessness in the disbursement of his patrimony we are led to explain that Mr. Lincoln is a born diplomatist and that his natural accomplishments have been strengthened by a brilliant career in the diplomatic service. Mr. Lincoln is essentially a sprinter or short distance rider and while he holds the fashionable record for two blocks his exer-tions so far exhaust him that it is neces-

sary after traversing that distance to stop for wind and repose. It is here that his statecraft comes to his rescue and while statecraft comes to his rescue and while his companions are regaling themselves with dainties he provides he is catching his second wind and preparing for another brilliant and almost incredible spurt. Of course this makes the pleasures of the wheel a bit expensive even for Mr. Lincoln, but he is uncomplaining, nay, cheerful in the popular distribution. And it is hardly necessary to add that in the exclusive set hereinbefore mentioned Mr. Lincoln's company is in constant demand, for coin's company is in constant demand, for it obviates the discomforts of carrying luncheons and insures a series of Lucullan anquets along the route.

#### OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The income of all the missionary societies of the world is stated to be about \$14,000,-

The first telephone wire was stretched be-tween Boston and Somerville, a distance of three miles, in 1877. The deepest running stream in the world s said to be the Niagara river just under the suspension bridge.

Daniel Lamber, the British "mountain of flesh," weighed 712 pounds. He died sud-denly in London on July 21, 1809. To display a chest in stationery and plate in England costs each family a tax of a guinea a year. About 40,000 people pay it. The first American railroad was laid in 1836. It was three miles long, from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., to Nep-

In Great Britain thirty-three cities own their tramways, and Glasgow, Plymouth and Huddersfield have entered upon the operation of them.

In some parts of England when you haul a drowning man out of the water you get nothing; but if you let him drown and then haul him out you get 5s Paper teeth are made by a dentist in

which has been in use for thirteen years, and gives complete satisfaction. The art of dentistry was introduced into New York by John Greenwood in 1788. He is said to have made the first artificial teeth ever manufactured in this country. Cast iron plows were first made in this country in 1797 and were greatly objected to from the belief that the cast iron polsoned the ground and prevented the plants

from growing. The city of London is older than that of Edinburgh, the former being in existence before the invasion of the Romans, while the latter was founded by the Saxons in the eighth century.

The last heads set over Temple Bar were those of Fletcher and Townley, the rebels, in 1746. The last of the iron poles, or spikes, was not removed until the commencement of the present century. The records of the Parish Council of Inkberroa, Worcestershire, England, are preserved since 1657. They kept their own poor, taxed and rated themselves, and enjoyed self-government.

The first anthracite coal known to be such was discovered at Mauch Chunk, Pa., in 1791. The Lehigh Coal Mining Company began business in the same year, making a commodity of the recent discovery. Unborn bables in India are sometimes used as security for debt. When the father of a family is obliged to borrow money to defray the expense of his daughter's wed-ding he will pledge her first-born son as

A German newspaper contains the follow-ing offer in an advertisement by an enter-prising trader: "Any person who can prove that my taptoca contains anything injur-ious to health will have three boxes of it

sent to him free of charge.' A featherbed on which they were sleeping saved the lives of two women at Bonne Terre, Md., last week. Lightning struck the house, hit the bed, set the shuck mat-tress in a blaze, but the feathers diverted the electricity from the women.

During housecleaning, if an old wall pa-per is to be removed, before going to work close the doors and windows tightly, place an old boiler or tub in the room and fill it with boiling water. The steam will moisten the paper and the work may be done quickly and more easily. A Congregational church, as a memorial of John Robinson, the pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, is to be erected at Gains-

boro, England, where Robinson gathered his first congregation of dissenters. The church will cost \$30,000, and Embassador Bayard will lay the corner-stone In Sicily young men have to exercise extreme care in their demeanor towards young unmarried ladies. Among the lower classes a vendetta results if a man pays attention to an unmarried girl without marrying her, and a vendetta may have fatal consequences for somebody.

s now on the shelves of the Goeblins' facory. It is worth \$50,000 and was made during the years 1869 and 1870. It was ordered for Napoleon III, but was unfinished when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. When that war was finished he had no use for it. Dog farming is carried on extensively in China. There are thousands of large breeding establishments scattered over the

The most expensive carpet in the world

northern districts of Manchuria and Mon-golia and no dog skins in the world can compare with those that come from these parts as regards either size, quality or length of hair. About two hundred miles from Sydney, New South Wales, is a place called Win-gen, and in one of the mountains there is coal mine which has been burning for over one hundred years. It was on fire long before white men ever reached the spot, according to the stories of the na-

tives, and when it was discovered about one hundred years ago, they said it had been burning time out of mind. It will probably be news to most people to hear that rudimentary traces of a third eye exist among all vertebrates, including man. In the human race this third eye forms part of the pineal gland—a small mass about the size of a pea in almost the very center of the brain. Possibly, therefore, there was more actual truth in the well-known expression, "the mind's eye," than its originator ever dreamed of, Dr. Walker, a prospector in Alaska, took some horses up with him. At the first In-dian village the sight of the horses drove all the dogs howling into the woods. The children dropped their rude playthings and open-eyed wonder. After much inducement they were finally prevailed upon to approach the horses, and their wonder

#### knew no bounds. Advertising 100 Years Ago.

London Daily Mail. Advertising is often referred to as a modrn institution. In a measure it is, though the idea of putting goods before the pub by means of more or less cleverly-worded announcements is not altogether new. That the ingenious advertisers are not all of this century is shown by a little pamphlet containing the advertisements of a certain London merchant of the last century, which has just come into our hands. The pamphlet bears date July 23, 1796, and is called "Packwood's Whim," the gentleman responsible for its existence being, as gathered from its contents, a manufacturer of famous razor strops and paste for the same. The book contained all the "ads" of Mr. Packwood and sold, as stated on the title page, for "a good tower shilling." Why the public should pay a shilling for a book full of advertisements is not ap-parent, though it might have been on account of the literary value of some of the "How to get money and be happy." This important information was contained in the

to buy Packwood's famous razor strops and paste, and no other, and beware of cheap mitations, which advice seems to have quite a nineteenth-century flavor, and proves Mr. Packwood to have been considerably in advance of his age. The virtues of the strop and paste are set forth in various ways-in dialogues, proverbs and verse, all of which reflect the wit and wisdom of the time and lead the reader on with all the easy, friendly smoothness of an 1896 patent medicine advertisement. only to tell him in the last paragraph why the writer has taken enough interest in him to give him such a lot of valuable in-

Perhaps the most ingenious advertise-ment in the book is contained in the preface, and it also has the merit of being well written, so well written, in fact, that it is to be found in some country school reading books of the present day, credited to "Anonymous," and has for a century found a place in all books of humorous

How many advertisers of to-day, we wonder, could write an advertisement that would be laid before school children as a model of humor a century hence.

Mr. Platt's Leadership.

Philadelphia Inquirer. Mr. Platt is one of the most remarkable political leaders in the country. Without patronage, without wealth and without many of those accomplishments so often found in politicians he has gained and maintained the leadership in New York State in a way that is certainly surprising We do not believe that the millions of Republicans in New York State would maintain Mr. Platt in his position if they did not want him there and were not entirely satisfied with his management of the party organization. During the coming campaign Mr. Platt will be at the helm in New York State, and there can be no doubt that under his leadership the State will declare for the Republican nominees of sound money.

## BROSNAN'S

NEW DEPARTMENT STORE Monday's Sale of Fine Lace Curtains

Will be an event long to be remembered by housekeepers of this city and state. All finest goods of this season's importation, at about one-half regular retail price. We are overstocked and must sell.

### Tambour Curtains

In big variety of styles, marked down Regular \$6 Curtains at ......\$2.98 pair. Regular \$9 Curtains at ...... 2.48 pair. Regular \$10 Curtains at ...... 3.98 pair.

#### Irish Point Curtains SACRIFICED

\$5 ones Reduced to ..... 2.50 pair. \$7 Irish Points at ...... 3.48 pair, \$9 Irish Points at ..... 4.50 pair. \$15 Irish Points at ...... 7.50 pair

Wash Silks, very best 50c and 75c grades Monday .. ..... 200 Cream Wash Silks at...... 29c

Cream and White Wash Silks ...... 39c

Summer Silks, 35c kind...... 121/20

Changeable Satins only...... 19c Dress Silks in all colors, strictly pure Silks, both wash and filling, regular 50c grade at ...... 25c Regular 75c Persian and Dresden Silks for only...... 25c yd.

#### Shoes! Shoes! Shoes! Some surprises in this department

which we shall not mention in this ad.

All-Wool 39c Novelties for Bicycle Suits in Checks and rich High

Real Brussels Curtains.

Loveliest Patterns eyer seen go in this At 98c pair, formerly sold at .....\$1.75 

#### At \$3, would be cheap at ..... 5.50 Fine Swiss Curtains At \$5.50 pair, worth......\$10.00 At \$6.50 pair, regular \$12 goods.

MONDAY 35 yds. 4-4 Unbleached Muslin ........ \$1.00 22 yds. 4-4 Bleached and Unbleached 

Millinery Monday

## Brosnan Bros.,

37 and 39 S. Illinois Street. 34, 36, 38 and 40 W. Maryland Street.

## A Few Left

Don't fail to come in this week! It is the Bicycle Bargain of the

year! Never before have High-Grade Bicycles sold at this price!

They are selling fast === Now is the

# ARROW

# BICYCLES

You know them. They are fast, strong and light.

> NOTE-We carry a line of Single and Tandem Bicycles for renting purposes.

> > ~~~~~

THE H. T.

## Conde Implement Co.

27 to 33 Capitol Ave., North.

PLUMBING SUPPLIES Gas, Steam and Water Goods, HOSE, HOSE REELS, LAWN SPRINKLERS, Etc

Wood and Iron Pumps. The McElwaine-Richards Co. 62 and 64 West Maryland Street.

Wrought Iron Pipe and Boiler Tubes,

Sunday Journal, by Mail, \$2 per Annum